

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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THE GREATEST STORY IN THE WORLD

THRILLING it will be to the historian who writes the history of our times. To be living now is to see the greatest pages of human history unfolding day by day.

We look back to the days of Ancient Greece, when a few small States produced famous men and glorious monuments enough to fill the world for two thousand years. We remember the spacious days of Ancient Rome, with Julius Caesar sailing to the unknown island of Britain; Mark Antony throwing a world away for Cleopatra; engineers building walls and bridges and roads and palaces thousands of miles from their capital, little dreaming that their empire was to pass away while a crucifixion in a far-off province was to sway mankind and transform the world. We think of our own great past—of the Conqueror shaping a nation out of chaos; of dynasty after dynasty of kings; of the Golden Age of Queen Elizabeth and the Devon men who made her mistress of the seas; of the dramatic days of the Stuarts who sat uneasily on the throne of a nation insisting on being free; and of the rise of the Age of Power which has made all other ages seem rather commonplace.

The Incredible Present

We have lived into an age of invention which has changed the face of the world so that at times we can hardly believe our own eyes. The film has made familiar the wildest scenes of impossibility; unsatisfied with the improbable and the power to make it real; the films have overreached themselves and created a world of Makebelieve. They live in Unreality, as if the truth of this astounding world were not enough.

AND yet it has come about that the events on the stage of life have far outdone in wild improbability the most fantastic plots ever seen on the screen. No novelist who ever wrote, no writer for the films, no Balzac, no Edgar Allan Poe, no Edgar Wallace, no William Blake, have in their wildest imaginings conceived such mad improbabilities as the things we all know to be true because they have wrecked our cities and our lives.

It is many years since we wrote that the man who knew anything of the incredible past had no difficulty in believing anything about the future; but now we may say that we who live in this Incredible Present can never lose our faith that some tremendous destiny awaits us all. If the things we have seen have happened before our eyes, what can be impossible?

Gangster's Rise and Kaiser's Fall

We have seen the world turned upside-down by a small gang of men whose power was in the fact that nobody believed they could do it and that not enough people cared if they did. Their secret weapon was the indifference of millions of people. It has made a hundred million slaves while all the world looked on.

STEP by step the wreck of the world has come about like the great acts of a play, and no writer is there who does not wish he could be here when the great day comes to tell the story of the first half of the Twentieth Century. Will posterity believe its history books, with the tale of the Kaiser's Fall, the Gangster's Rise, and the Sleeping Nations waking up too late?

We remember, some of us, the Kaiser riding in London on a white horse. It is like a dream of another world, when nations were fairly good

neighbours, when governments did not openly lie to one another but wished to be well thought of, when men could travel about the earth and see the glory of other lands, when an Englishman could bring anything home from Italy and send the money on, when there was no greater delight for men of goodwill than to meet their neighbours in Europe and to wish them well.

The Beggar at the Door

It was a world which shrank in horror if, in some desperate hour of angry feeling, a madman flung a bomb into a street. It was a world in which all nations joined in great acts of humanity. It was the Millennium, and we did not know it.

AND then the Kaiser on his white horse marched against the peace of the world. He struck a blow at Belgium which ever since has been reverberating through every land. He was the proudest king in Europe. Germany was becoming the master of the Continent. She was winning her way peacefully, prosperously, to the supremacy of Europe. But the ways of peace were not fast enough for the German dreamers of dominating the world; they were ready to fill Europe with blood and tears to get their way. They wrecked civilisation and challenged all mankind, and in the end the Kaiser was a refugee and the German nation was a beggar at the door, penniless and starving.

A FALL like that, a victory like that, unprecedented in the annals of mankind, was too much for the victims to suffer or for the victors to maintain, and in the aftermath of misery which follows on all wars up rose the Austrian corporal Adolf Schickelgruber, declaring that he would bring the Germans back to paradise if they would follow him. He raved with a loaded pistol in a beer

IF ENGLAND SHOULD SINK BENEATH THE WAVES

If tomorrow a vast wave from the Atlantic should sink England for ever below the level of the ocean, yet in her spirit she would still survive in that great power oversea whose seed she planted, whose growth she nourished, and whose chief claim to the respect of mankind will always be in upholding those ideas of law, government, and morality its people inherited from the little island lying like an emerald in the stormy seas... a permanent guarantee that, whatever might be the fate of England, the Anglo-Saxon conception of social order, political freedom, individual liberty, and private morality, should not perish from the earth.

P. A. Bruce

cellar in Munich, while Europe laughed. He was thrown into prison and wrote a book, as John Bunyan did when he was put in prison. His pen was mightier than his sword, for his book brought rallying to his side millions of German misérables, made him German Chancellor, and created a system of government which turned the Germans into slaves, put back the clock of civilisation, destroyed their pride in learning and literature and music, and led them back to pagan gods. The Gangster had taken the Kaiser's place, and while Democracy slept had armed his seventy million slaves to the most powerful war machine the world has seen. We who believed in peace looked on; when Mr Churchill told us the truth in Parliament our Prime Minister pointed his finger and cried "Warmonger!" while his faithful henchmen cheered. We must blame ourselves, for most of us were guilty because we did not know the truth. It is our business and our duty to know the truth.

The Monster's March Across Europe

Germany was filling Europe with tears and blood again, and with the memory of the Great War still fresh men saw this once proud nation throw itself into the abyss of cruelty and slime. The Austrian corporal was their god; like some pagan host of old they followed him to victory after victory. He marched across Europe like a prehistoric monster trampling down whatever was in its path. Czechoslovakia, Poland, Denmark, Norway, Holland, Luxembourg, Belgium, France, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, Yugo-Slavia, Greece—one after the other the nations fell in a holocaust of fire and steel. Their kings were hunted like rats, their governments driven into exile, their peoples ground to death by the weight of the Slave State's war-machine.

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Heroes of the Blitz—Fire-fighters in action

MR WILLKIE TALKS TO 25,000

America Must Free the Slaves

AN American correspondent sends us an enthusiastic account of a meeting of 25,000 New York supporters of Britain in Madison Square Gardens, to hear what America is doing. All this vast crowd had paid for seats. Mayor La Guardia was one of the speakers, then a Belgian, a Greek, a Dutchman, and a Pole; and then Mr Wendell Willkie.

"While Mr Willkie was talking," our correspondent says, "the public forgot him, they forgot his passionate eloquence, they followed the ideas exposed to them in a deep, reverent silence, and at the end the whole Gardens burst into a roar."

"It was like the dawn of a new era in American history."

This is from Mr Willkie's speech.

FELLOW Americans, there is no compromise; the world will be dominated by freemen or it will be dominated by enslaved men. We cannot appease the forces of evil. We cannot make peace with those who seek to destroy our very way of life, for the differences between us are fundamental.

Naturally we love peace; we would like to close our eyes and rid ourselves of the nightmare of this useless and wasteful struggle. All around us men shout peace, peace, when there is no peace. We cannot shut our eyes to it. Already the outposts, of the only remaining free people of Europe are being battered and destroyed. If we allow the valiant British to fall we shall be the next to feel the onrush of this barbaric force with its insidious propaganda, mechanised warfare, and revolutionary political purposes.

THIS war is being fought in the Middle East, in Northern Africa, and in the Far East. Planes are needed throughout that whole area, as recent events around the Mediterranean have made tragically clear. Look at the map. Europe does not surround the British Commonwealth of Nations. The British Commonwealth of Nations surrounds Europe, and all that far-flung Commonwealth and associated people provide bases for aeroplanes. It is our job to supply the planes, and when we do that England will have the air superiority.

By the grace of the English Channel, by the good fortune of resolute and resourceful leadership and the heroism of a united nation England has survived. And I tell you, as one who has seen with his own eyes, she has survived with her morale strengthened, with her people fanatically devoted to democracy and its defence, her leadership undaunted, and her productivity in planes and tanks and guns at the highest point in her history.

Hitler cannot win this war without conquering Britain; to

prevail he must write his peace in London. And Hitler can never successfully invade the isle of Britain provided her sea lanes are kept open. But by the same token Britain will probably fail unless America helps her immediately and effectively to keep those life lines unbroken. And, Americans (Democrats, Republicans, people who voted for me and people who voted against me), I call upon you as a united people to keep that life line unbroken.

THERE is no reason for despair.

The British still control the seas, and can draw on all the world's resources. The three Axis powers, with a population of about 200,000,000, constitute only one-quarter of the world's people, most of whom are hostile and have to be held down by force. The United States, the British Empire, and China have half the world's people. They can draw on the resources of all the non-Axis world.

Now let me say it to you again: Furnish to Britain today and tomorrow and the next day, for her desperate needs, ships (the ships in our docks, the ships in our coastwise trade) until it hurts, the impounded ships of other nations, the ships we are building. Give to her destroyers, and see that those ships, loaded with the ever-increasing production of American factories and farms, deliver their cargoes safely to the ports of England. Thus England will win.

AND then the enslaved people of France and Belgium and Holland and Norway, and of all the conquered countries (perhaps even the enslaved people of Germany) will begin to arise and this monstrous menace to the liberties of free men everywhere will be eradicated utterly. But there is no magic by which this goal can be achieved. There is no easy formula. If we Americans had waited for easy formulas we would not today have freedom. We must work as we have never worked before.

Field-Marshal Smuts

THE highest rank in the Army has been granted to one of the three greatest men in the world today—General Smuts, and all the Empire will rejoice that he now becomes Field-Marshal Smuts. He is 71 and the honour was cabled to him by the King on his birthday, which happens to be Empire Day.

General Smuts was fighting against the Empire when this century opened, and his staunch fidelity to the flag is an ever-

lasting tribute to the Liberal policy which made friends of the Boers at the end of the war and gave them what they had been fighting for, the right to self-government. He fought side by side with General Botha in the last war, and at the beginning of this war he saved South Africa from the shame of Neutrality by becoming Prime Minister; and he has brilliantly controlled the victorious forces which have conquered East Africa.

Little News Reels

A ROYAL SURGEON has been caught by the fishing-boat Lindstar of Eyemouth, the first time in living memory that one has been caught off the Berwickshire coast.

A stork ringed in Poland has been found dead on a farm at Umtali in South Rhodesia.

Forty per cent of the 70,000 binoculars received by the Ministry of Supply have been gifts.



Over 200,000 payments have been made under the Government subsidy of £2 an acre for grassland ploughing.

Scotland Yard's printing branch saved 222 tons of paper last year.

The oldest mummy out of Egypt (that of Ra Nefer, a noble of about 2900 B.C.) has been lost in the bombing of the Royal College of Surgeons.

Spain joins the list of countries which have given power to their policemen to fine careless people on the spot; litter louts can now be fined two pesetas.

A London doctor has been bombed out of three surgeries in the same street; he has now taken a fourth and refuses to desert his patients.

Manchester expects to be one of the cities to establish shopping booths for immediate use after bombing raids; they will be set up in convenient open spaces.

Over 230 acres in London parks have been dug up; potatoes are being grown at Hampton Court wherever practicable.

Four thousand Americans named Churchill are so proud of our Prime Minister that they have formed a Churchill organisation to aid Britain.



A Panama ship bound for Cape Town ran out of fuel and had to use her cargo of coffee to stoke the boilers.

A war fund raised by the post-mistress of Onoway in Alberta included a contribution of £15 from two German churches in Canada.

Guide News Reels

MISS MARJORIE PERKINS, Brown Owl of a Coventry Pack, has been awarded the George Medal; recovering consciousness after being injured in a raid she encouraged the wounded and rendered First Aid to many.

Guides in Eire have sent £62 and several big parcels of clothing to Ulster Guides who have suffered through enemy action.

An ambulance given by the Girl Scouts of America to the Girl Guides is being handed over to the Red Cross.

Miscellaneous salvage collected by the Guides of Grays in Essex includes a lorry-load of scrap iron and three cwt of tinfoil.

The Guide of Dunkirk, the new motor lifeboat, built out of the £5000 gift from the Girl Guides of the Empire, has arrived at Cadgwith in Cornwall.

THINGS SEEN

Notice in a second-hand bookshop:

Bargain, 5s. Atlas of the World—Slightly Imperfect.

Notice in a bombed London street: No Admittance Without a Pass. N. B. No Passes Issued.

The Man Who Warned Us In Time

THERE has died in the midst of the third war Germany has made on Europe a British Ambassador who predicted it and warned us against it. He was Sir Horace Rumbold, for 45 years in the diplomatic service and Ambassador in Berlin when Hitler came to power. Sir Horace saw him for an hour, and Hitler raved loudly for 50 of the 60 minutes, "bellowing for the whole of that time."

Sir Horace wrote home warning our Government of the sort of man Hitler was, and this is what he told Sir John Simon in 1933:

The prospect is disquieting, as the only programme which the

Government appear to possess may be described as the revival of militarism and the stamping out of pacifism.

Hitler declares that he is anxious that peace should be maintained for a ten-year period. What he probably means can be more accurately expressed by the formula: Germany needs peace until she has recovered such strength that no country can challenge her without serious and irksome preparations.

I therefore feel that Germany's neighbours have reason to be vigilant, and that it may be necessary for them to determine their attitude towards coming developments in this country sooner than they may have contemplated.

Promise to Little Brother

Everybody will like the story told by Mr Herwald Ramsbotham, our Minister of Education, of the way in which teachers and scholars are helping schools to carry on after raids.

Many schools have been saved by the vigilance of the fire-watchers, one by three women teachers unaided. But most of all we like the story of a little girl whose four-year-old brother was being tiresome about going into a shelter, and who enticed him with the promise that if he would come along, and be very quiet, he might hear a bomb drop!

THE GREATEST STORY

Continued from page 1

The great Hour of the Island came, and all the world stood spellbound. If this Island set in her silver sea should fail there was an end of life and all worth while for civilised lands.

It did not fail. In spite of submarines, land guns, and bombs falling like rain, it stood foursquare to every threat that came.

It fought by the side of France till France could fight no more and till even Pétain of Verdun allowed the enemy to pass. It fought on the beaches of Dunkirk, where men saw a miracle like unto the crossing of the Red Sea on dry land. It fought battles in the sky which will ring through the ages with Naseby and Thermopylae and Marathon. It flung back the aerial hosts and brought them down in hundreds and thousands. It gave the astonished world the spectacle of the first defeat of the Embattled Slaves. It fought while it raised armies and built up its power to fight; it fought while its Allies rose and fell and broke away.

It fought while Russia was afraid and while America looked on. It fought while its people were driven into holes and their homes fell into heaps. It fought while its cities were burned, its churches wrecked, its schools and hospitals destroyed. It fought while Westminster Abbey burned and the House of Commons crashed in ruin and the lovely Temple was a sight for tears. It fought while its palaces were imperilled, its courts of justice were bombed, its museums were open to the sky.

It is enough to break the heart of man to think of the long, long trail of all this bitter woe. And

ICELAND IS FREE

Iceland has again become an independent state. From the end of the last war she had been part of the Kingdom of Denmark; but now her Parliament (the Althing) has decided on freedom. The vote was taken on May 16, and a Regent will be elected to take over the powers of the King of Denmark. These powers had actually been taken over by a declaration of April 10, 1940, defined as a purely temporary measure after the German invasion of Denmark. Ten days after this declaration British troops landed on Iceland to prevent a German invasion, with an assurance that they will be withdrawn after the war.

yet this Island, short in numbers and in fighting strength, waiting for the day when it can meet its enemy on fair ground, has won the power of victory that will save the world and make it a decent place again.

A GREAT tale the historian will have to tell of the small host that held the Pagan Juggernaut while freedom rocked and reeled. A hundred dramas he will have for his pen to write—the Kaiser's Fall and the Gangster's Rise, the little nations falling one by one, the Island slowly waking up, France Betrayed, the Thousand Ships that saved 300,000 men from the enemy's claws, Civilisation driven into holes like rats, Battles five miles high, Kings hunted and Governments exiled, Cities turned into the wilderness, the Rescue of 300 sailors from the Nazi slave ship, the Miraculous Victory of the little Greek people over Mussolini and his 40 millions, the Fall of the Italian Empire and the restoration of Haile Selassie, the Awakening of America and the Reunion of the English-speaking Race, the sight of Russia afraid, the Far-Off Call to Japan, the Great Dominions building up their place in history, the Flight of Hitler's Deputy to throw himself on our mercy, the King of Italy accepting a crown from the murderer of another king: it is a drama rich in acts and scenes.

Yet nothing in it all will in that day surpass the wonder of one thing—the fact that this small Island could stand it, and that it held at bay the hosts of devilry while it brought from the ends of the earth the power to fling them into dust and save the freedom of mankind. Arthur Mee

The Radium of the Congo

AMONG the resources of the Belgian Congo, all of which (as the Belgian Minister in England so modestly reminded us the other day) are at our service, none has a more surprising history than radium.

This metal, so rare that we have to preserve it for our hospitals against bombardment, finds in the Congo its chief repository. The story of its discovery bears telling again. The son of the Chief Namombo had been mangled by an alligator, and his father, setting aside the advice of a Belgian doctor, plastered the injured

limb with lake mud. The wounds healed, and the doctor, examining the mud, found in it traces of radium. From this discovery the Congo radium industry began, and the production halved the price of radium.

It is the cost of production which makes it as expensive as it is still. One thousand pounds of radium chloride yields less than a 30th of an ounce of radium, but to get this out 500 tons of ore, 300 tons of chemicals, 1000 tons of coal, 1000 tons of distilled water, and the work of 150 men for six months are required.

MUSIC DOWN BELOW

It is impossible to keep a brave heart down. We hear of a young couple who, having had their first home bombed, have set up another with the furniture they could save. The nights they spend with friends in an impregnable sanctuary, a deep tunnel in the chalk, where, as fire-watching permits, they gladden the hours with games and music.

The other day a visitor asked what had become of the young people's piano; had it been damaged in the raid? No, it was unharmed. "It is down in the tunnel," was the answer!

OUR MR SMIJTH

Discovering that the hero of a certain book is called Psmith, a group of C N readers sought strange variants of the ancient name of Smith, and awarded the palm to Smijth, which some thought must be a Dutch joke.

But Smijth is an old English name. The original spelling of all our Smiths was Smyth, and the historian tells us that the weird-looking version which now raises a laugh resulted from the pen of some old lawyer who, in writing a legal document, dotted the two strokes of the "y," and so set the error travelling.

Smijth became an accepted spelling, and in Tudor times the Smijths were a rich and powerful family allied by marriage to many illustrious houses.

JACK'S MITE

Jack's mother keeps a small greengrocer's shop in a reception area crowded with poor little children from one of our most cruelly bombed towns. Since his father's death, after a long illness, his mother has had a hard struggle to keep the business going.

When the last occasion came for making Jack a little present she said sadly, "My dear, I cannot give you anything much this year for a present, but here is half-a-crown to buy yourself some little thing." Jack went out looking very pleased, and his mother thought no more about it. It was not for some time afterwards that she learned from a friend that Jack had hurried away so gladly to give his half-crown to the fund for a refugee children's party.

THE OLD MAN'S BIBLE

The story is told of an old man whose small house in the London area, where he lived by himself, had been shattered by a bomb. Although in peril of being trapped by falling timber he would insist on going back for his old and well-read Bible.

"Hitler may bomb my house," he said, "but he shall not take from me my Bible."

TAXIMAN

A Leeds woman who has been doing her bit on the Home Front had a good story to tell the other day. A former lady mayoress, she hired a taxi to take gifts for the Missions to Seamen from one centre to another. The driver of the taxi helped to lift them into the car, drove to the place, and cheerfully assisted in carrying the parcels indoors.

"How much?" asked the lady. "Oh, that's all right, Mum," replied the taximan; "I'd rather you didn't pay."

And off he drove.

A GALLANT FELLOW

Lifeboatman Robert Cross, a Humber coxswain, has won during the war the George Medal, the Lifeboat Gold Medal, bronze medals, bars to his silver medals, and the thanks of the institution on vellum. He is the only man in the history of the lifeboat to win six medals.

ELECTRIC BULLETS FROM THE SUN

From vast areas of the sun showers of bullets fall on the earth night and day. The Carnegie Institute, which makes this announcement of a new discovery, describes them as bullets because they do not arrive like light waves, which make the 93,000,000 miles journey in eight minutes, but travel much more slowly, and come in continuous showers, like strings of pearls, and sometimes in vast clouds. They are much bigger than light particles, and help to form the electric ceiling from which the wireless waves rebound as they travel round the globe.

The Post Tax

A well-known publisher urges that a postcard should go for a penny, and we heartily wish it could be done. The fact is, however, that the stamp is a deliberate tax, designed to raise money for the war.

Booty From the Galapagos

From the Galapagos Islands off the coast of Ecuador strange things continue to come, as they did when Charles Darwin saw the islands and their unique animal life a century ago.

The C N noted the other day the discovery there of a new kind of octopus, named after President Roosevelt.

The expedition which paid the President this original compliment has now returned, bringing all its finds with it—2000 fishes, birds, and reptiles. Most of them are to go to the New York

Natural History Museum, some to its Zoo. Among these are live albatrosses, frigate birds, penguins, a giant Barrington iguana (as awesome as any dragon), a booby, and three giant land tortoises.

Some land tortoises have been inhabitants of the Regent's Park Zoo for many years and one or two have been reputed to live a century. It is believed that Charles Darwin, when visiting Galapagos, was confirmed in his ideas of Evolution by the strange isolated creatures of the islands.

THE HUNGERFORD CLUB

A new club has been started in London. Its headquarters are under the railway arches by the Embankment.

It is called the Hungerford Club, and its members are mostly down-and-outs who have been driven away from the Embankment seats by air raids.

These people tried the Underground, but the regular tunnel-shelterers gave them a very cold shoulder. Now the Westminster City Council has taken them under its wing and a railway arch has been fitted with 150 steel bunks. It is light and warm, and at the club canteen the standard charge for everything is one penny.

The officers testify that a sense of home is growing up among the regular attenders. Cleanliness is in demand, and some unemployables are finding that they would like to work and take a place again in society.

A BOTTLE FROM MID-ATLANTIC

Bound for America, the S S Birmingham City was in mid-Atlantic a few days before the war began when Mr Claude Hunkel wrote a note to Miss Virginia Russell of Winchester, Virginia, sealed it in a bottle, and tossed it overboard.

The note has now been delivered marked "Opened by Censor," being washed ashore in the Shetlands.

ORANGE DAY

Someone has been complaining that only the rich have been able to enjoy the few oranges which have come into this country in recent weeks, but this is not true. Millions of oranges have found their way into poor homes, and in Yorkshire one teacher at least knows that children living in a drab part of a great city have had an orange day.

She has written to tell us of what she calls the torture of her ordeal when she peeled dozens of oranges for infants, smelt the luscious fruit, and did not taste one of them.

THE LITTLE WREN

What should English hosts do to make American guests feel at home—let them hear our tiniest bird, the golden-crested wren, which they have, too, in America?

When Sir Edward Grey took Theodore Roosevelt on a tramp through the New Forest to let him see and hear our wild birds, they paused under a fir to listen to the notes of a bird which Grey said was a gold-crest.

The visitor was thrilled, exclaiming that this was exactly the same song as that of a bird they had in America. A few days later Sir Edward made inquiries at the Natural History Museum and was informed that the statement was correct. This song, said the Museum official, is about the only thing the two countries have in common among birds.

Saying Grace



A delightful study in a day nursery, supported by American funds, for evacuees whose mothers are engaged in war work

June 7, 1941

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the worldThe Vow of the
Acropolis

OUR brave allies the Greeks are much in our thoughts just now. More than anything else when we think of that gallant country we think of the Acropolis, standing as a symbol of the gallantry and sacrifice of ancient and modern Greece. In classic times it was the custom for every youth of 18 to take the oath of citizenship outside this monument; this is what they said:

I will not dishonour my sacred arms. I will not desert my fellow soldier, by whose side I shall be set. I will do battle for my religion and country, whether aided or unaided. I will leave my country not less, but greater and more powerful, than she is when committed to me. I will reverently obey the citizens who shall act as judges. I will obey the ordinances which have been established, and which in time to come shall be established, by the national will; and I will honour the temples where my fathers worshipped. Of these things the gods are my witnesses.

CONSOLATION

ALWAYS, as Emerson says, there are compensations. We find them even when our train turns us out into a bus.

One of our friends, finding the first relief bus crowded, took the empty one behind, mounted to the top, and settled down, lost in the thought of the splendid way in which the railways carry on. Suddenly came an uncanny feeling that he was alone as the bus went speeding on, and coming down he found the surprised conductor, who "didn't know there was anyone on the bus," which was going to the garage at Palmer's Green!

But sometimes it is a better spectacle than the garage at Palmer's Green. We saw thousands of tulips and daffies in the gardens at Camberwell Green; and flowers on Denmark Hill—as in John Ruskin's day, even though piled up on a barrow.

Under the Editor's Table

HITLER says he is the only person in Germany who carries weight. Göring must be shrinking.

SOME people let the clock act as a tyrant. But they always get round it.

A PUBLISHER who added a nought to the circulation of his paper remarked, "That's nothing."

SOME people can live happily on the memory of a steak. Others think it is a bit tough.

Peter Puck
Wants to Know

If sage folk know that herbs are worth a mint of money

Going to the Dogs

It is pathetic to see that not only horse-racing but dog-racing has the approval of a Government which urges us to save.

Some of the dog-tracks are taking £10,000 a week or more. The worst of dog-racing is that, conducted as it is in the evenings, it attracts more patrons than horse-racing and helps to divert to the wrong pockets enormous sums which are sorely needed by the families of the spenders. Of all the mock sports, dog-racing easily takes the palm for the deception of the most credulous element in the community; it is a sure sign, if people waste money on dog-racing, that they need protection.

A Smile and a Prayer

IN our postbag this week comes a sheet of notepaper with a smile on one side and a prayer on the other. This is the Smile:

H.M.S. CHESHIRE



And this is the Prayer; for those who go down to the sea in ships and bear their crosses in great waters:

*Winter winds are foe enough,
And combers of freezing brine,
But now the sinister fathoms hold
Torpedo and drifting mine.
Death in the winds, Death in the waves,
Helpless, we beg of Thee,
Guide his hand on the wheel tonight,
Pilot of Galilee.*

BIG BEN

WE like this comment overheard when Big Ben rang out the hours the morning after being hit by Hitler's Bomb: "Just like ourselves—bombed at night but up and working in the morning."

As the Money Goes

As the purse is emptied the heart is filled. Victor Hugo

THE PILGRIM'S
WAY

WE'RE living at a new address, And Gampy says, "Why now, I guess, All people lived there, more or less; It's called the Pilgrim's Way."

I think of all the folks of old, Of men so great and knights so bold, Who once walked here, like me, I'm told, Upon the Pilgrim's Way.

They were so great and good and true, They had such noble deeds to do, They hardly seemed like me, or you, Upon the Pilgrim's Way.

And yet they sometimes come to me: I shut my eyes, so I can see, And they're as real as real can be Upon the Pilgrim's Way.

Sometimes there comes a shining knight: I see him in his armour bright. He says to me, "You fought the fight Upon the Pilgrim's Way.

You did the thing that's right and true, And all the other knights, they knew; And you're a knight in armour, too, Upon the Pilgrim's Way."

It isn't much that I can do For England's sake, but just be true And bravely see my duty through Along the Pilgrim's Way.

Yet Nelson sometimes comes, and he, Who died for England on the sea, "You did your duty," says to me, "Along the Pilgrim's Way."

Once, lying there upon the ground, A poor lost doggie, hurt, I found, And took him home and nursed him round Upon the Pilgrim's Way.

A brown-robed man stood by my bed. "God's blessings on your little head. I loved them, too," St Francis said, Along the Pilgrim's Way.

But most I see my loveliest Friend, The one on whom I most depend. He knows it all from end to end Along the Pilgrim's Way.

He stretches out His arms to me, And says, "You're my own friend, you see." Then I am glad as glad can be Upon the Pilgrim's Way.

And all the world seems just aglow, For He's my Best Friend, and I know That close by me He'll always go, Along the Pilgrim's Way.

Then joined at last in great array, He wants us all with Him to stay In His great home of endless day Beyond the Pilgrim's Way.

Tom Birkett

JUST AN IDEA

There are no hopeless situations; there are only men who have grown hopeless about them, as someone once said.

A BIG ADVENTURE

THERE is a dizzy flight of steps in the streets of one of our cities. The steps are old and worn, and the iron handrail is broken at some points. Climbing the steps under the glare of the sun is an ordeal.

The other day a C N reader overtook on the steps a small boy with his legs in irons, laboriously dragging himself from step to step, panting,

but struggling gallantly towards the top. As he had still fifty steps to climb our friend paused when they came level, took the boy by the arm, and said, "Come on, now! Do you want a bit of help?"

He shook his head, looked up with laughing eyes, and said, "No fear, mister; I've never climbed up so far. This is the biggest adventure of my life!"



The Handy Men

Though digging hard for victory, these Scouts of Brentwood School found time for a joke

The Last of Our Slaves

UNDER the Emergency Work Order miners are now bound to their industry. They cannot leave their mine, and employer's cannot discharge them except by arrangement with a committee representing miners and owners. This is a war measure in the interests of the nation as a whole, and it recalls one of the strangest pages in our history.

"Rule, Britannia" has been proclaiming since 1740 that Britons never shall be slaves, but for a century after that miners in the United Kingdom were slaves. Sir Archibald Geikie, who died only 16 years ago, knew many

men and women who had been slaves to the mining system. They were born to service in the mines, and miners and hewers and carriers of coal they had to remain from childhood on. They were sold with the mines to which they were attached.

It is true that an Act of Parliament had emancipated them, but that was on such terms that freedom was to come only after a number of years, and only then on their making formal application. One old man of whom Sir Archibald wrote had actually been exchanged by his master for a pony.

With Valour Crowned

A C N reader thinks he has found the finest little flower setting, on a road marred and mutilated by bombs, where too much has been left that might long ago have been removed.

The garden fronts a house with only one pane of glass intact, though that is bright as burnished silver. The shattered fence has been carried away, and the wrecked privet hedge dug up. The soil has been raised into a

graduated mound with hardly a grain of soil out of place, and sunning the scene with valiant loveliness is an iris bed fit for a king, flanked by a border of plants that will still be gay when the iris blooms no more.

There are 25 holes and pits from bomb-splinters in the front wall of the house, but the blooms soften the scars, and the garden is a gallant proof of the brave spirit that keeps the bombed house grim and gay.

STRANGE TRUE TALE FROM INDIA

Children Brought Up With Wolves

THE story of two wolf children of India has now been told by the missionary J. A. L. Singh, who found and cared for them while they lived. It is valuable because the story has been fully verified, unlike many other accounts of such occurrences.

These two poor little "wolf children," both girls, were first seen by natives at a remote station in India. From a cave first came out a wolf, then another wolf, then two cubs, and following after them a thin, ghost-like creature and a smaller tiny one. The wolves fled; the taller "ghost" leaned with elbows on the side of the front of the cave. The natives ap-

proached and took charge of the two unresisting captives. They were small girls, who in some way unknown had been reared among their strange companions!

Their subsequent history was strange. The elder, named Kamala by the missionaries, was about eight years old, the younger, Amala, less than two. They would lap milk like a dog, or scratch a door to be let in, and during the years they survived both were rather like friendly animals. They learned to stand upright and to speak about fifty words.

It is a mysterious and pathetic story, of which the most to be said is that it is strange but true.

Keeping Young With Music

HASLEMERE, in the highlands of Surrey, is the home of music. The birds sing sweetly there, and there we may forget in lovely music the sadness and the horror of our times.

Here it was that the famous Dolmetsch family founded their school of oldtime music, played on the instruments of olden days, and here today a wonderful gentleman of past 80 years of age is carrying on his own grand way of work.

He is Tobias Matthay, who was teaching music for us in one of our Educators long ago. He founded a school of pianoforte-teaching which has since made his methods famous. Myra Hess, Irene Scharrer, Harriet Cohen, and the rising star Moura Lympany, from Devon, are all among his pupils, and still go to him for wise counsel and lessons, for he is never done with learning.

In High Marley, a little house remote among the woodland glades, "Uncle Tobs" has his school, and here his pupils, famous and not-yet-famous,

come to learn and practise within sound of the nightingale. The Nazi planes drone overhead at night and sometimes by day; they drop their bombs and shatter the lovely peace of the place. But not for long. They are soon gone, but the music and the nightingale remain.

The yearly concert of Uncle Tobs's pupils used to be a grand musical event in London before the war. The great little master, in his velvet short coat and skull cap, does not intend that the war shall make any vital difference to his work, even though it has driven his school from London. His contribution to civilisation is more abiding than anything in any Nazi New Order.

Tobias Matthay may be over 80 in years, but his heart is young, and so is his spirit. He is now writing new books and preparing new lectures on his method with all the vigour and emphasis of youth. Music has kept him young and he will never grow old to those who love him, who are all those who have known him.

A WALK TO THE OFFICE

WE walk to the CN office by strange ways now, and see strange sights.

One morning we joined a throng of people hurrying to the City from one of the big stations. We all took a short cut; only to find that a certain street was roped off and closed by a police notice: *Danger. Unexploded Bomb.* But there was no policeman to be seen, so everyone ducked under the rope and walked past the hole in the road! Only a few had time to pause and look down at the sudden death under their feet.

A pleasant landmark on our walk to this office was an old churchyard which had been transformed into a garden. In peace-time the flower-beds were a blaze of colour, and even in war-time the little lawns were like velvet. At about the time when the tulips should have been coming out Hitler's New Order fell upon the old church. It was completely burnt out and the churchyard was closed. The other morning we noticed that the gate was open again, so we turned in to see what harm had come to the garden. It was

undamaged except in one corner, where a huge wooden cross had fallen from the blazing church and burnt a black cross into the green turf.

But London carries on, for on the other side of the road a man on a ladder was hard at work cleaning a street-lamp, as if he had never heard of the Blackout!

Then there was the morning when we turned the corner and found that a big bomb had just missed a certain editor's window which the Censor might not like us to name. The crater extended across almost the whole of the road outside, but not a window in the building had been broken

When the Dunoon Lads Come Home

We like to hear of the surprise in store for the Dunoon lads who are now prisoners of war in Germany. When they come home each one will receive a gift of enough money to buy a complete outfit of civilian clothes. The Provost's War Fund has already collected enough money to send regulation Red Cross parcels to all their prisoners of war for at least eight months.

OUR ANGELS

THERE are two angels that attend unseen Each one of us, and in great books record Our good and evil deeds. He who writes down The good ones, after every action closes His volume and ascends with it to God. The other keeps his dreadful daybook open Till sunset, that we may repent; which doing, The record of the action fades away, And leaves a line of white across the page. Now if my act be good, as I believe it, It cannot be recalled. It is already Sealed up in heaven, as a good deed accomplished. The rest is yours. Longfellow

The Small Courtesies

HAIL! ye small sweet courtesies of life, for smooth do ye make the road of it, like grace and beauty, which beget inclinations to love at first sight; it is ye who open the door and let the stranger in. Sterne

THESE THREE

A BIBLE and a newspaper in every house, a good school in every district, all studied and appreciated as they merit, are the principal support of virtue, morality, and civil liberty. Benjamin Franklin

Sir Robert Vansittart's Prayer

THE love of God, that dwarfs all human passion, Brighten the chequered path that we must tread, And give us faith to breast in fearless fashion The hills that lie ahead.

The light of God, that shines beyond our vision, Smooth every wrinkle on earth's furrowed face, And turn our fleeting darkness to derision In every secret place.

The peace of God, that passes understanding, Calm every troubled sea beneath our feet, And, in the distance, grant a quiet landing, Where earth and heaven meet. Robert Vansittart

The Wolf Lies Down With the Lamb

THE beasts of the field and forest had a lion as their king. He was neither wrathful, cruel, nor tyrannical, but just and gentle as a king could be. He made during his reign a royal proclamation for a general assembly of all the beasts and birds, and drew up conditions for a universal league, in which the wolf and the lamb, the panther and the kid, the tiger and the stag, the dog and the hare, should live together in perfect peace and amity.

The hare said:
Oh, how I have longed to see this day in which the weak shall take their place with impunity by the side of the strong! Aesop

All Things Are Possible

IF thou canst believe, all things are possible. If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence, and it shall be removed. Jesus



CARRY ON

God Speed the Hour

GOD speed the year of jubilee The wide world o'er. When, from their galling chains set free, The oppressed shall vilely bend the knee And wear the yoke of tyranny, Like brutes, no more. That year will come, and Freedom's reign To man his plundered rights again Restore.

God speed the day when human blood Shall cease to flow! In every clime be understood The claims of Human Brotherhood, And each return for evil, good— Not blow for blow. That day will come, all feuds to end, And change into a faithful friend Each foe.

God speed the hour, the glorious hour, When none on earth Shall exercise a lordly power, Nor in a tyrant's presence cower, But all to Manhood's stature tower, By equal birth. That hour will come, to each, to all, And from his prison-house the thrall Go forth.

Until that year, day, hour arrive, If life be given, With head and heart and hand I'll strive To break the rod and rend the gyve, The spoiler of his pray deprive, So witness heaven! And never from my chosen post, Whate'er the peril or the cost, Be driven. William Lloyd Garrison

The Good Samaritan

A CERTAIN man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

By chance there came down a certain priest that way; and when he saw him he passed by on the other side. Likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.

But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was; and when he saw him he had compassion on him, and went to him,

and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

On the morrow, when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee. Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him that fell among thieves?

And he said, He that shewed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.

What Hast Thou Done on Earth?

GOD will not seek thy race, Nor will He ask thy birth: Alone He will demand of thee What hast thou done on Earth? A Persian saying

TRY IT

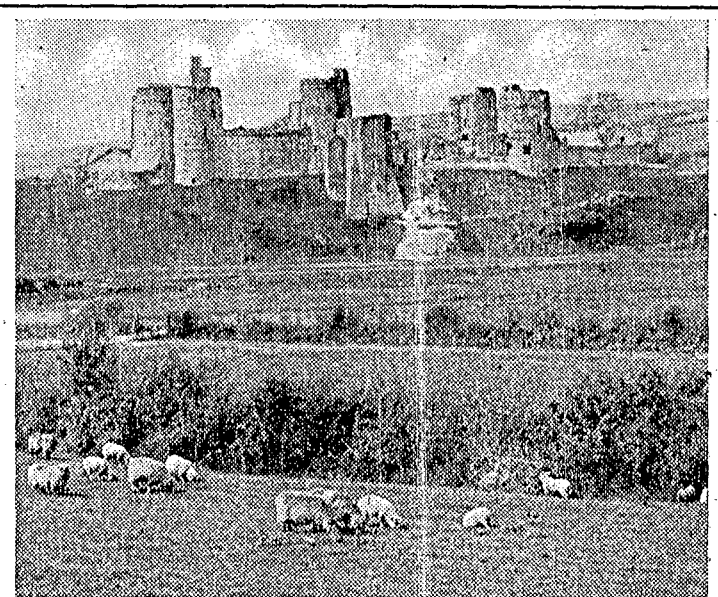
IF you wish to be assured of the truth of Christianity, try it. Believe, and if thy belief be right that insight which gradually transmutes faith into knowledge will be the reward of thy belief. S. T. Coleridge

KEEPING IT DOWN

IN Russia whenever they catch a man, woman, or child that has got any brains or education or character they ship that person straight to Siberia. It is admirable; it is wonderful. It is so searching and effective that it keeps the general level of Russian intellect and education down to that of the Czar. Mark Twain

The Puffers Have It

SO idle are dull readers, and so industrious are dull authors, that puffed nonsense bids fair to blow unpuffed sense wholly out of the field. Colton



One of the finest castles in South Wales is at Kidwelly in Carmarthenshire. A powerful stronghold, it was built mainly in the 13th century, and even now it is well preserved.

C. B. FRY'S LETTERS TO CRICKET LADS

5—Good Fielding

It takes time to become a successful batsman or bowler; not only height and strength but experience and long practice are necessary. Magnificent fielding, however, is within the power of an eleven of quite young boys. It is worth going a long way to see a team of boys field well.

All boys can learn to catch well, to pick up the ball cleanly, and to throw-in quickly and accurately. But sometimes boys' cricket teams do not think fielding matters, and the lack of interest breeds lack of attention.

The great secret of good fielding is complete and lively attention on the part of every member of the team. You often see how a team which has been fielding moderately half the day suddenly becomes excellent, merely because a turn-in the game suggests to them that they can win if they "put all in" for half an hour.

Great Recipe For Fielding

Half the catches that are missed are missed because particular fielders did not expect "that particular ball" to be hit to them. The great recipe for good fielding is for each man to expect every ball to be hit to him. If a fielder has his eyes keenly on the batsman he can anticipate the direction of the stroke; he can get his hands easily to catches, and also to balls hit along the ground, which otherwise he would not touch.

The habit of watching the batsman every time—not off and on—and of being always on the tiptoe of expectation, is the most important quality a fielder can acquire. Most of the very quick fielders are quick not because they have a special power of quick movement, but because they start sooner than others, and so have more time to perform the necessary action: they start sooner because they are on the *qui vive* all the time; they seem, indeed, to anticipate the batsman's stroke.

Worry the Batsman

Keen fielding is an enormous help to bowlers; it makes bowlers more difficult for the opposing batsmen. This is not all merely because runs are saved which slack fielding would fail to stop, or because catches are caught which would be missed; it is because the feeling of concentrated hostility on the part of the whole eleven in the field has a direct influence on the batsman's mind.

Such a feeling makes him realise that he is up against a united effort to undo him—it tends to dishearten him, it keeps him disturbed, he cannot settle down into comfortable equanimity. Keen hostile fielding engenders an atmosphere of high pressure against the batting side.

Practice in catching and ground fielding is good, of course; but keen fielding in games is what makes good fielders.

The art of catching well, with two hands or one, consists chiefly in a knack of letting the ball itself close the hands round it as it enters the trap. Snatching at the ball, or grasping it, is

the wrong idea. The ball should seem to have run into a slab of yielding clay. The hands should make a receptive nest for it; they should feel loose, yet very prehensile, when taking the ball.

One point worth noting is that in catching a rather high ball, or indeed any abruptly falling ball, the hands should be kept down about on a level with the lower ribs. If you push your hands up to a level with your chin, or higher, you make such catches much more difficult. In the case of a slowly dropping ball there is a great temptation to push the hands up to meet it, but this is a mistake.

But, when all is said and done, the great secret of good fielding is an active and keen and persistent attentiveness. C. B. F.

Pottawatomie Crumbo

A youthful All-American was chosen not long ago to paint the walls of the new Department of the Interior building in Washington.

He is Woodrow Crumbo, a Pottawatomie Indian from Oklahoma, who is showing the world what Red Indian art is. On these 20th-century walls Crumbo has painted his version



of the ancient themes his ancestors worked on hide and bark. One wall shows buffalo running through grassland, another a wild horse chase; another deer and faun posing under the Morning Star. Crumbo works with warm, subdued "earth colours"; his oils of brown, red, and ochre such as the early artists ground from desert rock. Ever since he was 14 he has been determined never to forget his racial heritage.

He studied the white man's art at the University of Wichita, and the European technique he learned there served him well when he became passionately interested in the fast-fading art of his race and began to do research work on history, design, and art.

The red-skinned artist was made director of America's only Red Indian college at Bacone in Muskogee, where he teaches 60 young students painting, silver-work, weaving, and other crafts, recording for future generations authentic costumes, ceremonies, and character types.

NOTHING NEED BE UGLY

The Boy Talks With the Man

Boy. Why can't everything be beautiful? How refreshing it is to go into the country, where most of the sights and sounds are lovely!

Man. Don't you think everything is beautiful that is truly useful, so that ugliness is a sin?

Boy. But isn't *useful* an adjective describing things just commonplace and ordinary, in which beauty has no part?

Man. So the word *useful* is often used, as though beauty had nothing to do with use; but the truth is that when a thing is so fashioned as to be useful it naturally becomes beautiful.

Boy. So that if a thing is ugly it shows that something is wrong?

Man. Precisely. Take an example from Nature. A tree delights us with its form and foliage, its flowers and fruit. How beautiful, we say, and the more closely we examine it the more delight we find in its every attribute. Yet each of its beauties expresses a wonderful usefulness. The trunk rises to bear branches which spread out leaves and expose them to breathe the air and feed on it. The roots descend and branch beautifully, growing fibrous roots which gather liquid food that ascends. The flowers smell sweetly and attract insects that fertilise it to fruitfulness. The whole organism is a mass of perfect utilities and a glorious symbol of beauty.

Boy. But what of artificial things made by men?

Man. What is true of a tree is no less true of a ship, a musical instrument, a house, a garment, a town. If an artificial thing is carried to the point of true usefulness it becomes beautiful.

Boy. Yes, I see what you mean. That, I suppose, is why, when we look at a beautiful chair, we are able to say that it looks comfortable.

Man. Yes, the eyes know instinctively when a thing is good and useful. As you know well, if a pudding is good to eat it looks good. A well-made loaf looks eatable. A comfortable coat looks comfortable.

Boy. How ugly the early aeroplanes were!

Man. Yes, because their usefulness had not been properly worked out. As they developed in utility they began to acquire beauty. Now an aeroplane pleases the eye for the same reason as a bird in its flight pleases us.

Boy. Why, then, are there so many ugly things?

Man. Because when coal came to be used, and machines were invented to make things in quantities, little thought was given to making them properly. A cheap market was deliberately set up to make goods—not to last but to sell quickly to the multitude. So a flood of so-called useful things was poured out, and is still poured out, to tempt people to buy many poor things instead of a few good ones.

Boy. All through forgetting Beauty!

Man. Yes, forgetting that Beauty and True Usefulness are one.

Spoiling Our Language

We much regret to see that the spread of rude and even vile expressions continues. It is rather horrible to take up a newspaper and see on its chief page an article headed, in type half an inch deep, MY FOOT! This vulgarity, intended to convey disbelief, has become very common, being circulated by witless comedians and writers who mistake violence for strength.

The Nazis in the Footsteps of Paul

AFTER Palestine, no country has a stronger appeal for Christian people than its neighbour to the north, Syria, the land over which Germany is seeking to extend its baleful sway.

Syria in Old Testament days formed part of the dominions of David and Solomon, and in New Testament days it was the centre from which Paul went forth to spread the Good News.

It was on his way to Damascus, then as now the most important city of Syria, that Paul saw the



vision which changed his life, and it was from Antioch, the great port on the Orontes 200 miles farther north, that he set out on his famous missionary journeys, which may be said to have saved Christianity by broadening its appeal to all humanity and not only to the Jews. It was at Antioch, indeed, that the followers of Christ were first called Christians.

This Syrian town, however, has in the last three years belonged to Turkey, having been returned to her by the League, which had given France a mandate over half of the conquered Turkish territory on the eastern coast of the Mediterranean. Palestine, the lower half, was mandated to Britain.

There are actually four territories making up the mandated area, which embraces about 60,000 square miles and has a population of about 3,700,000. By far the biggest of the four is called the Syrian Republic, which has Damascus as its capital, while the three others are Lebanon, half of whose population is Christian; Latakia, famous for the tobacco named from it; and Jebel Druse, whose 50,000 people at first gave the French considerable trouble.

Tripoli (not to be confounded with the African Tripoli) is today an important port of the country, having grown rapidly since a branch of the oil-pipe from Iraq was carried there. Beautiful Beirut, a little farther south, is

the residence of the French High Commissioner and an important airport.

Syria is a country which has had many ups and downs, but, lying on the coast-road between Asia and Africa, it has always been of strategic importance. Four thousand years ago it belonged to the nomad Arameans, whose language has persisted in parts of the country to this day, so that there are men still alive who speak the same tongue as Jesus spoke when he walked by Lake Galilee.

As part of a Hittite Confederacy, Aram became subject to the Pharaohs for centuries, and after them Assyria, Babylon, and Persia ruled it. Alexander took it, and on his death Antioch was founded by one of his generals; with half a million people, it was a rival of Rome itself.

Pompey brought Syria into the Empire of the Romans; the ruins of whose magnificent temples at Baalbek and Palmyra attract visitors from all the world over. Byzantine till the seventh century, Syria was then overrun by the Saracens, who made Antioch the seat of the Caliphate; and though Christianity was again established for a time by the Crusaders in their Kingdom of Antioch, Saladin and later the Turks held it for Islam.

Napoleon Foiled

A decayed sea-port just over the present border, came into European history when another tyrant was seeking to dominate the East. Acre is its name, and it was Napoleon who besieged it in person. Sir Sydney Smith, having landed guns from his ships, held the fort until help reached him from Rhodes, and Napoleon turned away, declaring that all his hopes eastward had been made of no avail by his failure to take this port of ancient Syria. May this be a symbol of what will happen to the Napoleon of our day!

For today, as of old, Syria is the gateway to the East, with the oilfields of Iraq across the Syrian desert, and Egypt to the south by way of that coastal route over which marched all the great conquerors of the Ancient World.

The Faithful Cat

EIGHT months ago a house in a London suburb was bombed to the ground. Its owners escaped unscathed and went to some address unknown, leaving behind a cat devoted to them, whose fate they could not discover.

Two months had passed when a cat crept starving and half frozen into an undamaged house opposite the bombed home. Its treatment being kind, it has ever since remained in its new quarters, showing exceptional affection for the semi-invalid senior lady member of the family. Regularly each day, after food and a rest, the cat vanishes from

its new home and is absent for hours at a time. This was at first mystifying, but the secret has now been solved.

The stranger cat proves to be the cat that survived the bombing. Every day it goes on pilgrimage to the battered ruins, scratching and scraping and mewing among the debris, still apparently seeking its human friends.

In the evening it returns to its new friends, its fur black from the dust of the ruins. It eats its supper, cleans itself, and goes to sleep, and the next morning renews its active vigil.

He Stirred the Whole World With the Love of France Powerful & Free—Victor Hugo, Trumpeter of Liberty



It is thrilling to think of him now that his country has fallen so low, yet how sad to think of his breaking heart could he come back again. For Victor Hugo knew that the heart of France and the heart of Europe were sound; he knew that, whatever enemies may come, whatever disasters may befall, Europe will one day be united like America in the bonds of friendliness and peace.

ONE of the great Frenchmen of the time when our fathers were boys was Victor Hugo, a man with a mighty brain and a tender heart, who stamped his name for ever on the memory of mankind. Let our first picture of him be that strange scene when he defended his own son.

Victor Hugo's son Charles had as great a horror of cruelty as his father, and wrote a stinging article of protest in a newspaper about an execution which had been disgraced by distressing scenes. The police locked him up for it, and he was put on trial. His father appeared at the trial and defended him.

Battling For Mercy

"The real culprit in this matter, if there is a culprit," said Victor Hugo, "is not my son. It is I myself, who for a quarter of a century have not ceased to battle against all forms of the irreparable penalty—I, who have never ceased to advocate the sacredness of human life." It was a thrilling speech the great man made, but his son was sent to prison for six months. Victor Hugo's pen was always at the service of the man under sentence of death. He wrote to the British Government to save a man's life, he wrote to the Americans, he wrote to the Swiss Government. In the Swiss case he was successful, for the letter he wrote was so powerful that Switzerland abolished capital punishment. With this thought of his battling for mercy, we may begin our story of Hugo's life.

He was born at Besançon on February 26, 1802. He came of a family which had been ennobled, but his father rose from the ranks, under Napoleon, to the position of general, and naturally was a Republican. Hugo's mother was a Royalist.

Little Victor and his mother accompanied the army which his father led, and then came two years of study under a good man named Lahorie, who had given offence to the Republican Government. He was in hiding, but

someone found him out and betrayed him, and Lahorie was captured and executed. Need we wonder that the terrible event made a deep impression on the mind of little Victor, and that all his life he was opposed to this form of punishment. His mother blamed the French Government for the execution of Lahorie, and the boy came to believe, with her, that the execution was due to the form of government by which France was ruled. He therefore, like his mother, became a Royalist.

General Hugo was sorry to see his talented son adopt this view, but he was a wise father. "Let us leave all to time," he said.

The Puzzled Judges

It was after Waterloo that Victor began to show his merit. Between thirteen and sixteen he proved himself one of the most wonderful boys who ever lived. He wrote every form of poetry known—verses, odes, satires, poems, tragedies, elegies, idylls, imitations of ancient poets, translations from the classics; he wrote fables, stories, epigrams, acrostics, riddles, and even a comic opera.

At fifteen he competed for the prize for poetry at the French Academy—the highest honour a French poet can gain. The judges did not know what to do with his poem. It was extraordinarily good, but they simply could not believe it was the work of a boy of fifteen. The subject set was the happiness derived from study in every situation of life, a very big subject for a boy to grasp. Victor sent up his birth certificate, proving his age, but the judges seemed afraid to give him the prize, gave it to another, and merely awarded Victor honourable mention.

Victor had two brothers, and with their help he now founded a newspaper, in which he wrote pieces showing how high was his opinion of royal rule. When he was nineteen his first grief came to him, in the death of his mother, whom he passionately loved. There was only one being in the world who could comfort him, and he turned to an old playmate, Adèle Foucher, who in the following year became his wife.

The New Style

Hugo was twenty; she was still younger. He had just published a book of poems, and received for it £28. With careless generosity he spent the whole of it on a cashmere shawl for Adèle.

He was now launched on his literary career, which lasted sixty years and changed the character of literature in France. He led, others followed, in breaking away from the old school of poets and writers. The poets had clung to the ways of ancient times, so that their writing was artificial and unreal. Hugo adopted new styles suited to the character of the subject. He was not content to write about what did not exist either in earth or sky; he wrote of Nature, of human nature, of all the circumstances of man's life, ambitions, trials, temptations, victories,

defeats. In his novels he made as great a change.

No great change can be made in anything without rousing strong opposition, and so it was in the case of Hugo. Some of his plays were suppressed by the authorities; others caused such violent quarrels between their admirers and the critics that free fights took place in the theatres. Duels were fought over them, and in one a man was killed. A soldier on his deathbed gave the order, "I wish to have it engraved on my tombstone, *Here lies one who believed in Victor Hugo.*"

Hugo was not compelled to go on writing for the stage. Louis the Eighteenth had given him a small pension, so that he was not driven to write, and was able to choose the avenues by which he would let his work reach the public. Active as was his mind, even he felt at times indisposed to write; there were so many demands on his time. The day came, however, when it was necessary for him to tear himself away from the excitements and attractions of daily life. He had entered into an agreement with a publisher to write a novel by a certain time, and he meant to keep his word. His way of doing it was remarkable.

The Bottle of Ink

He bought a thick worsted garment, which covered him from head to heels, sent away all his other clothes to be locked up so that he could not be tempted to go out, bought a big bottle of ink, and set to work. Friends found him out and would drop in to hear him read over what he had written. He thought of calling it "The Contents of a Bottle of Ink," but what do you think the book was? It was *Notre Dame*, one of the most famous novels in the world, making the Paris of old times live again.

He wrote two more volumes to follow it, *Les Misérables* and *Toilers of the Sea*. Together the three represent man's struggle in life with the forces opposed to him. The first shows the struggle against fanatical, uncharitable forms of religion; the second tells us of the terrible cruelty which civilisation may inflict on those who have been brought low by the operations of its own laws; the third represents the everlasting struggle between man's will and the forces of Nature.

A Royal Pensioner

Hugo loved all mankind. He hated wrongdoing, and had no pity for the powerful who did evil. Much of his writing was directed against wrongdoers. He was receiving a pension of £40 a year from the king, and another of £80 from the Government, but this did not prevent him attacking the king when he came to the opinion that the country was suffering from the bad rule of royalty. Charles the Tenth lost the throne in 1830, but Hugo's pension went on, and people said: "Ah, you abuse royalty, but you continue to draw their pension."

Hugo answered: "I accepted the pension as a tribute to my literary work, but now that it is not so understood I will never have it again." He was informed that the pension would be still at his disposal, but though he lived nearly forty years longer, he always refused to accept the money.

The change his father had foreseen had now come about; Victor Hugo had become a Republican, and remained so to the end of his life. Entering Parliament, he spoke with ardour for Republican ideas; and this brought him into conflict with Louis Napoleon (as he was called), who, by one of the greatest crimes in history, made himself emperor.

The Long Exile

Hugo was expelled from the country, and wandered from place to place. In Guernsey he spent many years, and it was during this long exile that some of his greatest works were written. The French invited him to return to his native land in 1859, and again ten years later, but he refused to return so long as Louis Napoleon reigned.

In 1870 came the war with Germany, the defeat of France, the capture of Napoleon and his exile to England, where he died. (He lies at Farnborough in Hampshire.) The Germans were besieging Paris when Hugo returned. He wrote an address to the Germans, announcing that France had set up a Republic, and inviting the people of Germany to do the same and join the French in making one great nation.

Sorrows came upon him. One of his daughters and her husband

were drowned, and one of his sons died after a terrible illness. He retired into private life, and with his surviving children and grandchildren he was happy and contented, always working and never weary. On his 79th birthday he was honoured as no king of France has been. More than 100,000 people, representing all classes of France, gathered in the Avenue d'Eylau, where he lived, to do him honour. A tiny girl, heading a procession of children, was admitted to wish him many happy returns.

Victor Hugo died in May 1885, mourned by the whole world. He is still beloved by grown-ups for his books, and for the noble work that he did for humanity.

Children loved him because he loved them. They think of him playing with his beloved grandchildren, of his feeding the poor children of Guernsey twice every week, of his skill in getting up Christmas parties for children.

Great Last Words

His house in Paris is now a museum, with portraits of his children and grandchildren on the walls. Before leaving this home of beautiful memories some years ago we copied the last words this great man wrote:

The party to which I belong does not yet exist. It is the party of Revolution for Civilisation. This party will form the twentieth century. From its teaching will rise, first, the United States of Europe, then the United States of the World.

Great last words, were they not? They will yet come true when France and all Europe is free once more.

BEDTIME CORNER

Bunny Finds a Friend

JACK's mother said that if he didn't hurry he'd be late for school and get into trouble. "No fear!" he declared, and, picking up his satchel, he set off at a run. And didn't stop till he had caught up his sister Ann.

But just then there was a rustling in the hedge, and out rushed a baby rabbit.

It ran straight for Jack's feet, and crouched there, looking up at him with frightened eyes, as if asking for protection.

"Why, whatever—?" cried Ann. And then, "Oh, look!" she exclaimed. "That horrid ferret!"

"Yes," agreed Jack. "That's what the poor little thing's frightened of. But it shan't have him, the brute." And, bending down, he snatched up the baby rabbit

in his arms and held it tight. The ferret stopped, turned, and slunk away.

"It's a good thing we were here," said Jack.

And Ann said: "What seems so strange to me is that the little creature knew we were its friends."



They had only gone on a few yards together when Jack stopped. He'd forgotten his Grammar.

"You are a donkey!" cried Ann. "You're always forgetting something."

"I'll have to go back," Jack said.

THE BRAN TUB

JUSTICE

FIRST ARTIST: "Congratulate me, old chap, I've just sold my masterpiece to Mr Newrich for £5000."

Second Artist: "Glad to hear it. The miserable old profiteer deserves to be swindled."

Surnames

MISS BROWN is exceedingly fair, **Miss White** is as brown as a berry,

Miss Black has a grey head of hair, **Miss Graves** is a lass ever merry, **Miss Lightbody** weighs sixteen stone, **Miss Rich** scarce can muster a guinea, **Miss Borrow** has ne'er had a loan, **Miss Wise** is a very sad ninny.

Miss Sadler ne'er mounted a horse, **Miss Groom** from the stable will run, **Miss Walker** ne'er went round a course, **Miss Aimwell** ne'er levelled a gun, **Miss Greathair** has no brains at all, **Miss Heartwell** is ever complaining, **Miss Hopper's** ne'er been to a ball, **O'er hearts** **Miss Fairweather** likes reigning.

Do You Live at Woolwich?

THE old idea that this name means hyl-vik, or hill village, is not now accepted. The Old English form Wule-wic probably means the house for wool, and no doubt in the olden times there was here a depot for receiving wool from the eastern counties for export to the Continent.

NATURE'S NEWS

LINNETS and whitethroats fledged. Song of missel-thrush ceases. Quail's note is first heard. Common sandpiper is seen. Brown argus and swallowtails appear. Four-spotted dragonfly seen. Common sorrel and goose-grass bloom. Redbreast lays for second time. The spotted flycatcher lays. Young pheasants are hatched. Landrail's note is first heard. Nightingale's song ceases. Common blue butterfly is seen. Red poppy and speedwell bloom. So do honeysuckle and dog-rose. Spotted flycatcher hatches out. Second brood of robins is hatched. Jackdaws and swallows are fledged.

How Constable Wrote His Name

WHEN we think about English landscape painting we think at once of John Constable, who was born at East Bergholt in Suffolk on June 11, 1776. The son of a miller, he was the greatest painter

John Constable

of pure landscape that England has produced. We nowadays call the valley of the pretty East Anglian Stour the Constable Country, and it is interesting to note that Gainsborough too came from this part of the country.

RHYMING SENNACHERIB

Can you find a rhyme for Sennacherib? Here are two by a C.N. friend in Leicestershire.

SENNACHERIB'S son, Adramelech, Spilt some treacle down his neck; Then took from off a rack a bib, To hide it from Sennacherib.

A burglar named Sennacherib Went out one night to crack a crib; When Wido barked, he quickly ran, That val-i-ant Assy-rian.

Murray Rumsey

Jacko Ready For Battle



MOTHER JACKO was buying a new mop. "You'll carry it home for me, won't you, dear?" she said, putting it into his hand. But while she was paying the bill Master Jacko had an idea. With a few saucepan lids, a dusting brush and a saucepan for a helmet, he rigged himself out in full battle array. "Pon my word!" cried his mother and the shopman in the same breath.

Buried Animal

A PART of me in rain,
A part in hail must be,
A part belongs to pain,
A part in bones we see,
A part in gleaming gold,
A part in common copper,
A part in peace behold,
A part in any topper;
Two parts are heard in sound,
And in our finals found.

Kilnecroft

By Our Pessimist

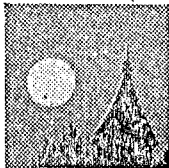
MAY, with its April winds, has gone;
Now June, with May-like showers;
And pretty soon we'll have July,
With all its sweet June flowers.

MEMORY

A GIRL who was asked, "What is memory?" replied, "It is the thing you forget with."

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Mercury and Venus are in the west; and in the morning Mars is in the south and Saturn is low in the east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at midnight on Monday, June 9.



VERY HIGH

WE heard the other day of an old Yorkshireman who said he lived so high on the moors that if ever there was another flood and the water came pouring down his chimney, there would not be any dry houses left in England.

Magic Numbers

123456789 x 9 + 10 = 111111111
12345678 x 9 + 9 = 111111111
1234567 x 9 + 8 = 111111111
123456 x 9 + 7 = 111111111
12345 x 9 + 6 = 111111111
1234 x 9 + 5 = 111111111
123 x 9 + 4 = 111111111
12 x 9 + 3 = 111111111
1 x 9 + 2 = 111111111
0 x 9 + 1 = 111111111

Ici on Parle Français

Consider the Lilies of the Field

27. Qui de vous, par ses inquiétudes, peut ajouter une coudée à la durée de sa vie?

28. Et pourquoi vous inquiéter au sujet du vêtement? Considérez comment croissent les lis des champs: ils ne travaillent ni ne filent;

29. Cependant je vous dis que Solomon même, dans toute sa gloire, n'a pas été vêtu comme l'un d'eux.

30. Si Dieu revêt ainsi l'herbe des champs, qui existe aujourd'hui et qui demain sera jetée au four, ne vous vêtira-t-il pas à plus forte raison, gens de peu de foi?

From Matthew VI

THOUGHT

THEY thought he thought great thoughts;
No other thought they thought he thought.
If they thought the thoughts they thought he thought, they thought they thought great thoughts.

This is London

This description of London was written in the year 1738.

HOUSES, churches, mixed together;
Streets crammed full in every weather;
Prisons, palaces, contiguous;
Gates and bridges, Thames irriguous;
Gaudy things enough to tempt ye;
Outsides showy, insides empty;
Bubbles, trades, mechanic arts,
Coaches, wheelbarrows, and carts;
Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid,
Lords of laundresses afraid;
Lawyers, poets, priests, physicians,
Noble, simple, all conditions;
Worth beneath a threadbare cover,
Villainy adorned all over;
Handsome, ugly, witty, still,
Some that will not, some that will;
Many a man without a shilling,
Many a tradesman not unwilling;
Many a bargain if you strike it—
This is London, how d'ye like it?

The Two Speakers

WHEN King Henry IV of France was passing through a small town he found the mayor and corporation assembled to give him an official welcome.

Just as the mayor began a pompous and tedious speech a donkey began to bray loudly, whereupon the King turned to the place where the noisy ass stood, and, raising his hand, said, "Gentlemen, one at a time, please."

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

The Bishop's Puzzle
Chest, eye-lids, knee-caps, drums (of the ear), veins (vanes), hand, foot, nail, arms, nails, soles (of the feet), muscles, palms, apple, heart (hart), hairs (hares), temples, pupils, tendons (ten dons), ashes, calves, nose (noes).

| FEAT | STAR |
|---------|-------|
| LAD | BRACE |
| ORDER | BEE |
| EL | TOOL |
| YOUNGER | |
| SIZE | AT |
| ELI | EERIE |
| FIELD | USE |
| TERM | STEM |

DANGER MOTHER!

Safeguard child's 'MILK-TEETH'

Those little pearly teeth you have watched grow one by one—will Nature replace them with the strong, healthy white teeth young men and women need? Mother!—it depends on you!

Dental science now knows that to ensure healthy adult teeth a child's 'milk-teeth' must be given special care now. Each tiny tooth must be guarded daily. The mouth acids that stain and harm the teeth must be neutralised. Only in this way can 'milk-teeth' be kept healthy and sound to be replaced with the strong white, even teeth of the virile adult.

Over twelve thousand Dentists agree that the scientific way to destroy excess mouth acid is through the daily use of a toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia.' They say it is the most effective antacid known. 'Milk of Magnesia' instantly neutralises the acid in your child's mouth. Safeguards the delicate tooth enamel and the tender little pink gums. Keeps the tiny teeth pearl white and cleans as only 'Milk of Magnesia' can.

There is one dentifrice, and one only, that contains 'Milk of Magnesia.' Phillips' Dental Magnesia contains 75% 'Milk of Magnesia.' Try it and you will soon learn how thousands of Mothers guard their children's precious 'milk-teeth.' Sold everywhere, 7½d., 1/1d. and 1/10½d. (Including Purchase Tax.) 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia. Be sure, Mother, to say Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Children love the refreshing mint flavour of Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

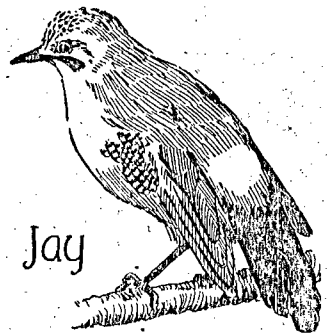
"FOUNTAIN PEN" ACTION

The Gillott Nib with the new "Inkeduct Reservoir" attachment (Pat. No. 477466) gives fountain pen action with advantages of Gillott Stainless Steel Nib. "Inkeduct" opens for easy cleaning. Supplied with four patterns of nib.

THE INKEDUCT HOLDS THE INK.
High-class stationers, stock—or particulars can be obtained from Joseph Gillott & Sons, Ltd., on application.

Gillott's Pens
JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS LTD., VICTORIA WORKS, BIRMINGHAM

FRIEND OR FOE?



Jay

THE noisy, crafty jay comes in for much abuse owing to its fondness for peas and the eggs of other birds. These form a quarter of its diet, while another quarter is made up of insects and grubs. The other half consists of snails, slugs, worms, frogs, mice, and such titbits as acorns and nuts.



Mother! Child's Best Laxative is 'California Syrup of Figs'

When your child is constipated, bilious, has colic or diarrhoea, a teaspoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative sweetens the stomach and promptly cleans the bowels of poisons, souring food and waste. Never cramps or overacts.

Children love its delicious taste. Ask for 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for infants in arms, and for children of all ages. Obtainable everywhere at 1/5 and 2/10 (Including Purchase Tax). Mother! You must say 'CALIFORNIA.'